THE

NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS COMMERCE

VOL. XX. ROBERT BONNER, PUBLISHER, 44 PARK ROW. SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1864. TERMS $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 5.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1864, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.

THE LOVES OF SPRING.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I love the earliest grass
That dots the marble green,
And contrasts with each ashen spot
Blushing above between.

I love the rustling wind
That like a safe invasion,
When spring leads in the maidenhood
Of each maternal tribe.

I love the tiny flame,
Aspiring through the soil,
To climb the sacred Pentine walls
Where Christians worship God.

I love the azure eyes
That bathe the virgin air,
And banish like a cooling cloud
To-day its evening prayer.

I love the bright-haired shoot
That glads our hill and plain;
And full of gladness sing like you
Who break their icy chain.

I love the sense and form
Whose sublimizing'st gem
Encircle a busy living organ,
Yet God remembereth them.

I love all living things,
That share our Father's love,
And by their beauty lure our souls
To seek His home above.

Hartford, December, 1863.

LADY ASHLEIGH.

A TALE OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

CHAPTER V.

How evil comes sometimes unbidden.

"Let us on the Viewless.
Follow, Mirth and Melancholy."

ARLOW FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

Marcus of Dugdale, hunted with Lanley; and so obliging is making up the game had not been so unlucky a number for Lord Lanley.

"Pass! Ask nor of your friends."

"Your friends, you mean," replied the peer. "I can understand your disappointment far more readily than your injustice to the angelic Margaret."

"Angelic nonsense, uncle!"

Lord Lanesting looked exceedingly shocked.

"You have been caught by the simpering mother and her well-trained daughter," continued the speaker. "As for my disappointment, I confess, since you allude to it, that I am disappointed—inherently disappointed. After all your promises to me, too! You have no excuse for breaking them."

"The fairest. Love, Nick—love!" simpered his lordship. "In one word, my dear boy, you are wrong, positively and entirely wrong. Lady Margaret rejected Vivian before I proposed to her."

The regime shrugged his shoulders.

"I overheard her in the library."

"Then the more fool you were there," said the honorable Edward Pumpkin.

"My dear Nick, you are getting quite personal," observed his relative, with an air of offended dignity. "Anger and remonstrance are alike equally useless, for my honor and happiness are pledged to my union with Lady Margaret Crawford. Of course," he added, "I shall provide for you—"

The countenance of the disappointed heir brightened at this communication.

"*By my patronage.*"

As his lordship had never known it succeed in obtaining any appointment more important than a tide-waiting place or a clerkship in the Treasury for the son of some needy dependent, his features became quite clouded.

"I'll rather have Chelsworth," he replied.

"Chelsworth goes with the title."

"Monks lilly, then."

"Entirely settled," added his lordship. "And even if it were not, it would never do to weaken the influence in the county of one of the most decidedly attached supporters of the throne and altar. The honorable Nicholas Pumpkin is as such an experiment. As I observed, to my speech at the last county meeting—"

"I made three copies of it, my lord," interrupted the applauding secretary, who evidently need not trouble you to repeat it."

"Dogs!" ejaculated his lordship, musingly.

"Woodlands, at least, is at your disposal," continued the earl, "for the present, my dear boy, only. Must keep up the family dignity, besides, I may have a numerous family of my own."

"Not unlikely," said the Honorable Edward Pumpkin, in a significant tone.

Lord Lanesting looked exceedingly offended.

"The provision I alluded to," he continued, "is marriage."

"A marriage!"

"Yes; a wealthy one. Miss Valloy will have a hundred thousand pounds for her portion. Her father told me so himself."

Had the noble lord-in-waiting proposed that his nephew should espouse Medusa, or one of the Harpies, the young man could not have felt more horror-struck. For the moment the question was not only an unlovely, but a most unwelcome one. Nicholas Pumpkin was literally the "forlorn hope."

"Miss Valloy," he repeated, looking exceedingly intense as he pronounced the name, "Miss Valloy is positively hideous!"

"So be it, if you insist peculiarly on your objections," said his lordship, "Hideous! perfectly hideous—very strong when speaking of a lady, and shocks the ears of refinement. You are degenerating—becoming quite radical in your ideas."

"Drag it," the thing is too absurd. I could as well make love to an Egyptian mummy!" exclaimed the nephew. "She is as prosy as one of her father's speeches."

"And will have a hundred thousand pounds."

"Then she has an style."

"A hundred thousand pounds!"

"No accomplishments."

"A hundred thousand pounds!"

"Lord Lanesting smiled for the fourth time. "Consider, my dear nephew, the temptation is a strong one, and I am certain you will not withstand it."

"I have already had some conversation with him upon the subject," observed the peer.

"And how did he receive it?"

"Peevishly," was the reply. "You have only to make yourself agreeable to the young lady for—to very difficult task—and leave the rest to me."

The Honorable Edward Pumpkin looked as if he had just received a blank draught, gave a deep-drawn sigh, and then resigned himself into a martyr to his fate. What could he do? The estates and his uncle's revenge in all probability went hand in hand. His Valloy and two hundred thousand pounds were the next best thing to the money.

That same evening, in the drawing-room, the viscount was overwhelmed beneath the marked attentions paid by the handsome nephew to the heiress. Lady Valloy was delighted, and much fat, half-credulous air with which she received the flattering assiduity. Sharon Jane looked puzzling with her affections in the case; Priscilla Pumpkin perceived no change, could hold, or withdraw them, as a very short notice, or accept any suitor as it might be upon deputed to her.

Your friend has very soon found consolation under his disappointment," observed Miss Jane to her sister, as the latter and herself had been discussing the engagement of Lord Lanesting and the Honorable Pumpkin.

"Had a philosopher answered the gentleman's question," said Priscilla, "they would have done so."

"Pooh," said the old maid, doubtfully.

"Why, yes, my dear. We know what the result of that would be."

"Pooh!" drawled the cousin.

"What do you think, positively, Miss Cherry. "Is there any thing, I presume, like any other human being, in the case?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell," replied the latter, looking as if she were quite out of her depth. "I am most often not, she is so terse and reserved, I scarcely ever hear her voice at all, and a strong hand will put her to flight, or change her entirely."

"Why, you are quite poetical, my dear," observed Miss Jane, "and I do not think you feel in love, do you?"

The gentleman replied only by a look of surprise. Love of any one in society wearing apparel in this world of fashion and folly! Love for one who was not only unlovely, but a most unsuitable person for the wife of the heir to the Valloy estates!

"Love!" he repeated, looking exceedingly intense as he pronounced the name, "Love is positively hideous!"

"So be it, if you insist peculiarly on your objections," said his lordship. "Hideous! perfectly hideous—very strong when speaking of a lady, and shocks the ears of refinement. You are degenerating—becoming quite radical in your ideas."

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and collected—made her re-appearance in the drawing-room.

"Poor Karl is ill," was the reply.

"Who is Karl?" whispered Mr. Arton to Lady Mauvers.

"A cattle, the son of one of the servants," answered the dowager. "He is fearfully at the bottom of Mark, and terrified, a better spirit came over him. All that remains for us to add is, that he passed away and made no sign.

The watery, whose extraordinary knowledge of simples and recondite mysteries of Nature had furnished Lady Ashleigh with the means of delivering herself from her destroyer, was equally skilled for good as well as evil, and knowing how necessary it would be for her former mistress to appear calm and composed before the guests when the discovery took place, administered a draught which exercised a powerful influence over the nerves, holding the mind in complete subordination to the will. Thus the flock occasion to administer the first thing in the morning, on entering her lady's dressing-room, under pretence of thanking her for permitting her to remain all night in Hall to watch over her son.

"And how is Karl?" inquired the now guilty woman, nervously.

"Better, much better, my gracious Esther. He can speak quite clearly now. The danger has passed. Dismiss your maid," she added, in a whisper.

"Then go and watch by Karl," said he.

"You must drink this," said the speaker, as she took out a small bottle and poured out some.

"What is it?"

"That which you most recognise, strength, self-possession, safety. A mask to baffle the keen eyes of your fellow-creatures."

"Oh! I have passed a fearful night," sighed the miserable Lady Ashleigh.

"Mine has not been without its shadows, for I watched by your son, and he is now asleep, drink of this and forget them."

There was nothing unusual in the appearance of Lady Ashleigh when she took her seat, a few moments after, at the dinner table. She wore the same quiet smile and friendly greeting for her guests, the same perfect, unruffled demeanor; but her nerves confused emotions. She felt as if she were the only occupant of the room, and whispered something to Sir Harry. His manners were kind and attentive, and he replied and heard them.

Except for a few moments, my love," said the baronet, rising from his seat and hastening to her side.

Those guests who were present began to regard each other with surprise, wondering at the absence from the table.

In a few minutes the butler returned with a message for Charles Dorrilon and Captain Wyatt. "Mr. Arton desires their immediate attendance."

On entering the library, the captain and barrister found Sir Harry looking terrified and agitated. He was conversing with the valet of Mr. Arton.

"Did it occur once before?" they heard him say.

"Never," replied the man.

"I am glad it is the same, Dorrilon," exclaimed the baronet. "This person informs me that he has knocked several times at the door of his master's chamber, who ordered him to call him at the usual hour, and received no answer."

"Break it open," exclaimed Vivian, in a careless tone.

"Certainly," said the barrister.

Accompanied by their host and servant of the chamber, they proceeded to the apartment of Mr. Arton, and on no doubt anticipating the discovery that Mr. Arton dead in his bed, and that his care in his countenance distorted by the last struggle, but calm and composed to the will passed from life in his sleep.

"How sudden!" ejaculated Sir Harry Ashleigh, perfectly distressed—"so unprepared! so unexpected. Perhaps it is well for him," said Doctor Haulton instantly he sent for. Call Gilmore; she slept last night at the Hall. She is skilled in medicine."

One of the footmen quitted the chamber to give the necessary orders.

"Poor lad, I fear he began sentence," observed Charles Dorrilon.

"Decently disposed," added the captain. "Puts an end to our ball and private theatricals."

In a few minutes the widow made her appearance, attired with her usual taste, and without simple remedies. After applying them for several minutes to the temples of the deceased, she placed her hand upon his brow, and shook her head.

"He has been dead for several hours—cold, quite cold."

"Apoplexy," said the baronet, "no doubt; the best constitutions are liable to it. Poor fellow!" added he, "if he was not all his friends and relations would regret him, for he was a kind-hearted heart. I was largely and gratefully his debtor."

It was the several of a frank and manly nature; he was unable to conceal the pleasure he felt at the unexpected advantage of the demise of his brother.

"We must be sacrifices in breaking the intelligence to the unfortunate Lady Ashleigh," said Sir Harry. "There is one with whom still greater care must be exercised."

"Lady Ashleigh," he added, "is likely again to be a mother."

"You had best undertake the task," suggested the friend. "Your kind heart is capable of the melancholy event, and request her to impart it to Lady Ashleigh."

"Better not," exclaimed Vivian. "Let Mr. Arton's valet or Mrs. Gilmore undertake that sort of thing, you know."

Dorrilon and Sir Harry were of opinion, added, that the old master's heart was kindlier than her keeper. He was therefore deputed to have reported the intelligence so quietly that the servants should not be alarmed, and the household, experienced no hurry in effects Death is a matter of course, the death of Mr. Arton broke up the festivities of the Hall. The guests and relations left on hour after hearing of it. Lady Ashleigh was prostrated before the news reached her ears. Her husband, Sir Harry Ashleigh, Captain Wyatt, Charles Dorrilon, and the young Vivian, remained to attend the funeral.

Lady Ashleigh, however, could not think of going without the deceased.

Sir Harry Ashleigh was delighted by the firmness with which she bore the shock of her husband's death, and she followed relieved her of the duty of attending to the arrangements for the funeral.

The widow quitted Lady Ashleigh's room but rarely, and during the rest of the day Vivian and the Honorable Edward Pumpkin maintained a decorous silence. The next morning they announced the affair as a fact, and the captain proposed a game of billiards.

This was immediately after breakfast.

Mr. Vallop looked exceedingly grave, and said something about impropriety and want of feeling.

"We can look ourselves in, and close the table door," observed the sailor for his daughter's sake.

The gentleman admitted that certainly might make a difference, otherwise he must decidedly have disapproved of it.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed the gentleman. "Arton enjoyed life himself, and would not with a feeling to be stopped in his account. We can do him no good."

"I fear not," said the former.

"Who is to mark the game for us?" exclaimed the Honorable Edward Pumpkin. "Pro Loftus has left."

Captain Vivian looked at Vallop, who replied to the mute request by a look of offended dignity.

"No forgot, young gentlemen," he observed, "that the baronet takes place at cen."

"Nearly three hours free," replied the friends.

"I have nothing about it," added his future son-in-law, "but I'll mark."

"Nor I," continued the gentleman. "Hum! To be sure, he must be—before the day was broken open, and—as of the first who entered the chamber. Who the will been found?"

"I believe not."

"Lucky Esther."

"Who?"

"Esther, sir. Sister of his he comes —no everything." Not only inherits a large fortune but also the free rich—but great rid of his life sublime."

The barrister repeated the word "sublimities."

"Yes. I learned him tell Dorrilon that he was about to make a will, and that he had left the whole of his property to his cousin having been a kind-hearted man. The cousin was Esther, and the above speech speech myself when my old grandchild was alive."

Captain Vivian did not repeat the conversation above mentioned, as he was fearful that Harry then otherwise—but simply from the former quitting the room, perhaps. He never for one instant suspected that it could be trained to the disadvantage.

The game of billiards took place with closed doors. The hours had expired, and the deceased passed into its time for them to appear at the funeral. Everything for the solemn occasion, no suspicions of foul play had been excited—only quitting the scene of form. It was the intention of the body took place, although the baronet was a stranger to the Hall. The coroner and jury declared themselves perfectly satisfied, returning a verdict of "Natural death," and the funeral-bell tolled from the library directly afterwards. Vivian, the young Lady Ashleigh, and Vallop, with the exception of Charles Dorrilon, returned to London.

"In a fortnight," said the noble lord in waiting, "Sir Harry will be with us," added the peer, shall expect to see yourself and charming daughter at Ashleigh House."

The gentleman bowed.

"I am glad you like Loftus," added the peer, slightly disturbed.

"Like it!" replied Vallop.

"Papa," she said, as they were driving towards Hyde Park, "I really to marry the Honorable Edward Pumpkin?"

"Probably—probably."

"I don't like—I hate the name."

"Christian name, my love, not to consider."

"Disagreeable as happened," said Frank Raymond, in a low, stifled tone of voice. "I overtook Lady Ashleigh on the road, and my horse has been pointed properly—that's all."

"Frank, you have not done much harm?"

"I mean that I have just been to Miss Conway's house to marry me?"

"And she—"

"Refused me point blank, with the coolest nonchalance in the world."

Mrs. Raymond was spoke, shading his eyes from the lamp with a hand whose tremulous motion betrayed the bewildered misery that lay on in his heart.

A mere hopeless came to his side and placed his hand soothingly on his brother's shoulder.

"Frank, you have not been to Miss Conway from the very bottom of my heart, old fellow, believe me!"

"I know it, John; I know it," said Frank, with a faint smile. "It was the last effort of a while; but it's not easy to bear at first."

"I am sorry for it, Frank, for your sake would read," said James, "if I had only known on what ground you were the object of her choice, I would have heard from one source and another, but her letter than my eyes will say," said Frank, passionately.

"Frank, you are Frank," said his brother, jokingly. "All the time you were at C——"

"Yes," said Frank, with a look of pain; "my heart was broken; it was notorious to the whole world, and I was a fool to suppose that it was not known to her also."

"Frank, James,—I never want to hear a syllable concerning him or his from this time forward," said Mrs. Raymond, in a tone that mentioned between us."

Frank and Mrs. Raymond's inauspicious wooing—so terminated the first chapter of his life.

The sun had risen, golden and glorious, upon the green glade where the cherry grass was like emerald velvet, and the wild violets purple as the stripes which are in the heart of bloom—an opal, where wood-honeysuckles were mingled with Marguerite, and a light sea-breeze rippled with murmurous ripplings the sparkling waters of the lake. The trees, heavy vapors of leaden cloud, on the same evening; but no difference. The wild violets were trodden and torn by many feet; the crushed honeysuckles were withering in the sun; the purple, and the little stream's clear was was discolored by the muddy tides of crimson.

There had been a skirmish with guerrillas, and the encampment was in confusion. "Is the wounded?" exclaimed a tall fellow with a dark face and sinewy limbs, as he inclined his head toward a prostrate figure.

"Yes, you are right, and I am pondering on tree! O, you won't answer, oh? Well, there is no help. I'm pretty sartin of it without any o' your valiable testimony!"

Captain Raymond—a sun-browned, stately-looking man of perhaps forty—guided his horse to the dead man's side.

It was rather a handsome face, dark and brilliant, that was turned rightly up to the dull sky, although it bore marks of reckless dissipation and unrestrained intemperance; and Captain Raymond thought, with an involuntary pang, that this man, lying dead and stark, had perhaps a wife and little ones at home.

"Could not you have taken him alive?" he asked, turning to the sergeant.

"What else should I tell him? he asked no further questions."

"Then he is not aware whom his fortunate friend is."

"He did not ask, nor did I volunteer the information."

"And how did he seem to relish the fact?"

"Well, there, don't ask me any more questions," exclaimed Eade, biding her burning cheek against her lover's shoulder. "It is not no right to lay Frank Raymond's generous heart bare to cold, critical inspection. He loved me—that is sufficient!

Darrell Fontaine smiled.

"And it strikes me—not that I'm acquainted with the facts myself, only one can't help hearing popular rumors—it strikes me, my pretty coquette, that you've been driving with the young man a good deal?"

"I know—I've no intention of denying it," said Kate, every defiant element in her nature roused by her lover's accent of sarcasm. "He had a right to ask me to marry him, for oh! Darrell, before I saw you, I did love him?"

"And how is it now?" asked Fontenoy, fixing his eyes upon the waxen waifs of flame on her hair.

"Am I monarch over a divided heart?"

Kate answered her other reply than the passionate, sweeping glance that responded to his glance.

"My love—my peerless beauty!" he murmured, enabling the satin curls with a sort of triumphant tenderness!

Darrell's twilight snow storm was beating against the grey stone gables of a lonely mansion, draped with green shoots of flattering ivy, and sheltered by avenues of sombre Norway pines—and it was cold, bitterly cold. The hall was ruddy with the blaze of many benches, and the wainscoting hickory branches, and whose antiquely furnished sitting-room beyond, was full of savory delicacies that filled the air with delicious and inlaid castes. The fire here was in an open hearth-stone, the wood supported by brass dogs; and just opposite the stone mantel was a Gothic window of stained glass, the sunlight streaming a curious air of "antichity" to the apartment. A square of white cloth was spread on a table, with the costly centre of the floor, and her, at a table covered with fruit, and wrapped a handsome, although rather dreamy-looking young man of about twenty.

As he threw aside his book with a yawn he glanced around for the contents thereof, a grey-hooded old servant-man came in to put fresh fuel upon the fire, and to close and secure the shutters, and the wind was rising.

"Very cold, sir, and snowing hard."

"Has my brother come in yet?"

"No, sir, not yet."

"Now, I wonder where he can have gone?" exclaimed the young gentleman, as the man closed the door into the rubbly-gleaming stone-hall. "Bye-the-bye, Agnes, is not it time for supper?"

"Just upon it, sir," said the girl, a fair-haired, regular-featured man entered, his coat and hat partially covered with snow, and his cheeks flushed with riding in the wind.

"Where have you been?" asked Darrell before approaching any nearer, sir," said James Raymond, "I have been to Miss Conway's, and I was a storm I can go out of doors to get it. Hullo! Darrell, you here? I did not see you before," he added, in a quieter tone, as his brother, throwing off his affectation of gaiety, looked at him with surprise.

"Something has happened," said Frank Raymond, in a low, stifled tone of voice. "I overtook Lady Ashleigh on the road, and my horse has been pointed properly—that's all."

"Frank, you have not been to Miss Conway?"

"I mean that I have just been to Miss Conway's house to marry me?"

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"Could not you have taken him alive?" he asked, turning to the sergeant.

"Well, I did try," said that personage, phlegmatically; "and I throwed a ball into the brute; but when he whipped out an ugly-looking circumstance, I says-knife I made up my mind it was now or never, so I just gives him a touch of my carabine. It was a pity, too, for I don't like a man the less for him a good fighting, but you see, there was no help for it."

The sergeant was rambling and tapping among the branches of the shaded just beyond at that moment, and an ugly-looking cabbage metal, sitting at ease on a sturdy loose-jointed horse, came from behind the trees.

"Where have you been, Johnny?" said the Captain, not unwilling at the ludicrous countenance of his retainer.

"Just looked round a little, Cap'n," said Johnny, "for there ain't nothin' like change of air for a fellow after such a bustle as this, and I was already great on findin' out latitudes and longitudes."

"And have you made any new discoveries of importance?"

"Well, I have. I've found a first rater of a place for us to live at in Virginia, somewhere's about place just a place or, where the niggers has been converted, for a few years back, and they F. V. is pretty cleverly run to oughts. And there's a house there, as they called good as I guessin' when I was a boy, and I kind o' guess, I belongs to a little bit o' property myself, that should'nt wonder if that man yonder with the black head, who swallowed Long John's lead pill was the one. 'Twint likely he'll make any difference to any right to his house to sight of."

"Probably not," said Captain Raymond; "and I am fearfully sick of home, whose sweet associations."

"Ah! a bit of it," said Johnan, shaking his head knowingly; "I had a talk with the overseer before I left, and he told me that the confounded bigger like, her there aint nobody left to work the land, and that the young saint spoke to her husband for weeks—they quarrelled like fun. He was a bad 'un, he was always when he was drunk, and sometimes when he was sober, and he used to knock her about as been Unless to the backbone, and he just t'other day he'd a fellow as would have killed her."

"Still he was her husband," said Raymond, with a shudder, "and you're not Johnny Parkinson."

"Those husbands aint much 'count," returned the loose-jointed recruit, coolly. "I aint never had a wife myself, and I don't. But he was a bad 'un, he was, and I've a conscientious objection to give to those things. Captain Raymond, I've got a place, but it's better than none at all."

The leaden sky darkened as full rolled away from the path of the southern fly and the sky to the various perch of Pontenoy Hall was all drenched in the golden radiance of sunset. Raymond and his men, followed at a little distance by the unruffled Johnny Parkinson, were riding at a gentle canter so large a party of mounted guard.

The news of the battle had reached a United officer and his escort had apparently proceeded to the scene of action, for they were going to the large saloon portion of the house, and Captain Raymond was not surprised to be met by a gold woman. It had only appeared to him a few months before, and was now the centre of much confusion. The man who fell in the skirmish was the husband of the woman who had been the object of Raymond's early love, and the sight of her was calculated to rouse the tenderest feelings of pity and respect in my eyes. You are very welcome, Captain Raymond," she said, addressing the present and for the remembrance of the past."

"The past," repeated Raymond, deeply, mentally wondering whether the shock of her husband's death had unsettled her mind, "remains the Southern narrow's mind.

"I am sorry to perceive that you do not remember me, Frank Raymond?" said the lady, reproachfully.

He looked at her closely, as she stepped forward from the group of officers, and it was delicately lovely, with shining brown hair, and eyes of deep blue, but the expression of the face—defiant, reckless and despairing—was not to be like, and he was not sure that he remembered her.

"Long ago, Kate," he said, as he forgave her a little of the old love of his boyhood. He had fancied that she had died long ago—he had closed the door of his heart on the remembrance of her, and he was not sure that his one glance at the face of Kate Conway proved her to be the same as that of all the glorious South-ern night, with the address of Darrell Fontenoy's wife, and Captain Frank Raymond was thinking dark corpse lying before him. Many a time had he wondered how many bright days might still be in store for her, if——

"Frank," she said, "you will not get sad, farther—and the O.

Captain Raymond fancied that the expression of her face was changed, and he could be not have known the thing of the past were stirring in Julian Parkinson's mind, as he rode carelessly in the rear?

"Ha!" thought Johnan, "it's mighty nice for Johnny Martin to put that so! F. V. is out of the way, and the Cap'n to step in and get his old sweetheart! Things is queer, sixshow—I wonder when there'll be a chance for me! Guess I'll look round a little when the Cap'n comes back richer than F. F. V.'s estate!"

But Johnan never came across the right chance, and he is looking for it yet, although his more fortunate officer is married long ago.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

BY ANT RANDOLPH.

The driving flakes of crystallized snow whirled in the cold blast that swept through the open window, as if they would fain find their way in, and every now and then the lamp flame dazzled blossoms, whose milky clusters leaned against their dark green leaves, flushed with pink, rose and brighter as the temperature which night brought down the heat of the day. Outside all was still, and the room was perfectly silent to be heard, save the occasional rustling of a newspaper.

Yet it was not unobserved. Enid Conway looked up from her book, and her eyes rested on the clasped hands and dark, thoughtful eyes, in the face of the gentleman who occupied the opposite chair. She was evidently handsome, with brown hair, and a delicately tinted skin, and dark eyes, and a pretty style, blended with peculiar sweetness in the face, but there was something about the possessor, with her deep red lips and pearly white teeth, that suggested a strong, contracted, a singular, inscrutable expression of character, which was calculated to excite uncertainty. She was thinking of the man! for whom she was wondering what might have been, if——

"Kate?"

The garnet eyes flashed into sudden brilliancy, and the lovely face was flushed with pomegranate on the Persian hills, as she looked up with Darrell Fontenoy's name.

"Taken by surprise, my little queen?" he said, bending over her. "Kate, you have not even—and you have not even—"

He spoke lightly, but there was a beat about his heart, and an indescribable pain darting through the pellucid face of Kate Conway. Her face was a little less pale, and she bent over her slender fingers.

"Kate, you do so terrible, Darrell! As all Southerners so fiery as you?"

She was looking up in his face as tantalizing as Miss Enid Conway? Tell me what it was that you were thinking about so deeply just now?"

"Well, then, I was thinking about cash Parkinson."

"About Frank Raymond?"

"Yes. I have pleased the half sleeped beauty!" pray don't annihilate me with those eyes, Kate. Believe me, you have not cause for jealousy. Frank Raymond let the love he once had as her age."

"Do not—do not!" she broke in.

"To ask me to become his wife."

Darrell delighted with recovered cool humor; he was not unwilling that others should cover his newly won treasure.

"Cool, hour my word. And what did you tell him, my fair queen of Sheba?"

"That I was engaged."

"Was that all?"

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Since last I gazed upon thy face,
So beautiful and fair,
Some dream of grief has o'er thee stole,
And stamp'd thy brow with care;
And Sorrow's sombre shadows have
Swept o'er thy gentle breast,
And dimm'd thine eyes, within whose depths
The sunshine lov'd to rest.
But still my love remains the same
As in the days of yore;
'Twould be my death to love thee less,
'Twould kill to love thee more.

I know that since we said farewell
That thou hast loved in vain,
Thy idol has been shattered, and
But ruins now remain;
Well, be it so—let not the past
Remembered be by thee,
But bury all its memories
In dark Oblivion's sea;
And from the wreck of blasted hopes
Let happiness arise,
And the bright stars again shall shine
Within Faith's golden skies.

The love that once I offer'd thee
Seemed worthless in thine eyes,
But now that Time has proved its truth,
Wilt thou that love despise?
Oh, do not weep, and say that thou
Unworthy art of me,
The past is all forgot, and I
Am happy, love, in thee;
Come to my arms—thy lips I press,
At last thou art mine own;
And thy fond love in days to come,
Shall for the past atone.

"FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"So much gone! I might have known how it would be!" said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

"What is gone?" asked his wife.

"My money is gone," answered Mr. Sterling, fretfully.

"What money?"

"The money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger."

"Why do you say that?"

"He's dead," replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

"Dead!" The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

"Yes, gone, and my money with him. Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die?"

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" sighed Mrs. Sterling. "What will they do?"

"As well without him as with him," was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been over-persuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during the winter. "He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years."

"Oh, Harvey! How can you speak so?" remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. "A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken."

"Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed," coldly replied Mr. Sterling. "He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars, I wouldn't——"

But he checked for shame—not from any better feeling—the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many hundred yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small, plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portico, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere—not lavish, but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C——. Now the shadow of death was upon it.

"Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans!" Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. While her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless with her two little ones weeping over her in childish terror. The news of death found her unprepared. Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. "I am stronger," he said. "My appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home." Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change of temperature; he took cold, which was followed by congestion of the lungs; and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. The body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his loved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor make the heart strong. Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best, felt most anxious about her. "She has no mental stamina," they said. "She cannot stand alone."

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor make the heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death he received a note from the widow.

"My husband," she said, "was able to go South in the hope of regaining his health through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me."

"All very fine," muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. "I've heard of such things before. They sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband."

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered, about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear familiar writing, and made thereon, with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid. She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on the dear lost one's memory.

"Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew," said Flora Sterling to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which this first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

"I think her a very nice little girl," replied the mother.

"So she is nice," returned the child; "but then she is so queer."

"What do you mean by queer?"

"Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls. She said the oddest thing to-day. I almost laughed out; but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield, and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten-cent pieces, he said—'Here's a dime for each of you, girls, to buy sugar-plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and were starting away for the candy-shop in an instant; but Katie stood still, with her share of the money in her hand. 'Come along!' I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious. 'Arn't you going to buy candy with it?' I asked. Then she shook her head gravely and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words)—'It's for father's honor;' and leaving us, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange!"

"Her mother is very poor, you know," replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark to be pondered over.

"She must be," said Flora, "for Katie's worn the same frock to school every day for 'most three months."

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned to Mr. Granger, as he had felt an hour before. *He* understood the meaning of Katie's remark—"It's for father's honor;" the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and then Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale, thin face made a stronger impression on him. It troubled him to lift the money her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, had counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling. It was on his lips to remark, "Don't trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than is convenient, Mrs. Granger," but cupidity whispered that she might take too large an advantage of his inconsiderate kindness, and so he kept silent.

"No, dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it."

Mr. Sterling was passing a print shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck upon his ears.

"An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly," answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

"Come away, Maggie," said the other, drawing her sister back from the window. "Don't look at them any more—don't think about them."

"But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie," plead the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a penny! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheeks of Mr. Sterling.

"Here, little ones!" he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

"Come in, and I'll get you some apples," he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew on her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

"Come!" repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months more, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow. This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces was before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-taxing toil, and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small sum, and was now paying it into his hands—to make good the honorable contract of her dead husband. He hesitated, ruffling in a half absent way the edges of the little pile of bills that lay under his fingers. One thing was clear to him: he would never take anything more from the widow. The balance of the debt must be forgiven. People would get to understand the widow's case; they would hear of her self-denial and that of her children in order to pay the husband's and father's debt—in order to keep pure his honor; and they would ask, naturally, who was the exacting creditor? This thought affected him unpleasantly.

Slowly, as one in whose mind debate still went on, Mr. Sterling took from his desk a large pocket-book, and selected from one of the compartments the note on which Mrs. Granger had now made three payments. For some moments he held it in his hands, looking at the face thereof. He saw written down in clear figures, the sum, $300. Seventy of this had been paid. If he gave up, or destroyed the slip of paper, he would lose two hundred and thirty dollars. It was something of a trial for one who loved money so well, to come up squarely to this issue. Something fell in between his eyes and the note of hand. He did not see the writing and figures of the obligation, but a sad, pleading little face, and with the vision of this face came to his ears the sentence: "No, dear; it's for father's honor."

The debate in Mr. Sterling's mind was over. Taking up a pen he wrote across the face of Mr. Granger's note the word "Cancelled," and then handed it to the widow.

"What does this mean?" she asked, looking bewildered.

"It means," said Mr. Sterling, "that I hold no obligations against your husband."

Some moments went by ere Mrs. Granger's thoughts became clear enough to comprehend it all. Then she replied, as she reached back the note:

"I thank you for your generous kindness, but he left his honor in my keeping, and I must maintain it spotless."

"That you have already done," answered Mr. Sterling, speaking through emotions that were new to him. "It is white as snow!"

Then he thrust back upon her the twenty dollars she had just paid him.

"No, Mr. Sterling," the widow said.

"It shall be as I will!" was the response. "I would rather touch fire than your money. Every dollar would burn upon my conscience like living coals."

"But keep this last payment," urged the widow. "I shall feel better."

"No, madam! Would you throw fire upon my conscience? Your husband's honor never had a stain. All men knew him to be pure and upright. When God took him, He assumed his earthly debts, and did not leave upon you the heavy burden of their payment. But He left with you another and most sacred obligation, which you have overlooked in part."

"What!" asked the widow, in an almost startled voice.

"To minister to the wants of your children; whom you have pinched and denied in their tender years—giving of their meat to cancel an obligation which death had paid. And you have made me a party in the wrong to them. Ah, madam!"—Mr. Sterling's voice softened very much—"if we could all see right at the right time, and do right at the right time, how much of wrong and suffering might be saved! I honor your true-hearted self-devotion; but I shall be no party to its continuance. As it is, I am your debtor in the sum of fifty dollars, and will repay it in my own way and time."

Mr. Sterling made good his word. Under Providence, this circumstance was the means of breaking through the hard crust of selfishness and cupidity which had formed around his heart. He was not only generous to the widow in after years, but a doer of many deeds of kindness and humanity to which he had been in other times a stranger.

JUDGE HARDING'S BIRTHDAY-GIFT.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Slowly and wearily Judge Harding ascended the steps of his stately but gloomy mansion. Not one of its many rooms was lighted, with the exception of the library and that used in common by the two domestics. Yet there *had* been a time when those darkened and deserted parlors had been one blaze of light, and its walls had echoed to the sound of merry laughter and gay young voices.

Judge Harding entered the library, and closing the door, looked drearily around. Yet it was filled with all the appliances of wealth and luxury; the carpet was like velvet to the foot, the lofty walls were decked with pictures and the wide, deep windows hung with wine-colored drapery of the richest silk.

A large, easy chair was wheeled in front of the fire, which gave forth a ruddy glow; across it lay a dressing-gown, while on the rug were slippers, all ready for his feet. But Judge Harding knew that this was the work of old Margery, his housekeeper, who, though she had been in his service nearly two score years, feared more than she loved him. There was no eye to brighten at his approach, no voice to welcome him!

This thought was uppermost in the old man's mind, as leaning back in his chair, he gazed abstractedly into the fire. Some years before, God had called to himself the wife of his youth; taken her mercifully from the evil to come. One of the sons she had borne him filled a drunkard's grave, the other had been mortally wounded in some disgraceful quarrel. But Estelle, his little Estelle, the ewe lamb of his flock, loved beyond all the others, and yet who had wounded his heart so sorely, where was *she*?

Ah, well he knew that the December snow was falling fast upon her grave; that she died unsoothed by the knowledge of his forgiveness.

The iron-grey locks that shaded his temples accorded well with the general expression of the strongly marked features, and which were characterized by a hardness and coldness almost repelling, yet through it all could be seen traces of a depth of mental anguish of which weaker natures are incapable.

He was aroused from the gloomy reverie into which he had fallen by old Margery, who, opening the door, said:

"There is a woman with a little girl in the hall, who insists on seeing you."

"Did she give her name?"

"She said that her name was Dugald," returned Margery, speaking with evident hesitation.

But contrary to her expectations, this mention of a name hated above all others produced no visible effect upon her master.

"Show her in," he said, after a moment's reflection.

It was difficult to determine the age of the woman who entered. Her hair was nearly white, but her eye bright and piercing, and her tall, strongly-built form as erect as in early life. Though evidently a person of little education, her countenance and bearing indicated an unusual amount of will and energy, combined with no little shrewdness and effrontery.

Judge Harding evidently saw all this in the steady look with which he regarded her.

"You are the mother of the late Richard Dugald?"

"I am the mother of your late daughter's husband, Judge Harding!"

The proud old man winced visibly at this thrust, but did not lose his self-possession.

"And this is the child of your son?" he inquired, pointing to a lovely little girl of six, clad in deep mourning, who was standing by her side.

"This is the daughter of Richard and Estelle Dugald; *your* grandchild and *mine*, Judge Harding!" returned the woman, in the same sharp, defiant tone.

Judge Harding could not controvert this statement, humbling as it was, but his voice took a harsher tone as he said:

"Why have you brought her to *me*?"

"Because I have not the means of supporting her, and you have."

"Did your late son have no property?"

For a moment the woman's eyes wavered beneath his penetrating look, then she said boldly:

"Nothing but a mere pittance, which was more than swallowed up by the expenses of your daughter's last sickness."

Judge Harding's eyes blazed with a sudden scorn that was almost startling.

"Do not hope to delude me so easily!" he cried. "There is not one act of yours that has escaped my notice. I know that your son left property that should have descended to his wife and child, but of which *you* took possession! I know, also, the grudging care you bestowed on the deluded girl that your son lured from her friends and home! But let them both pass. I will take the child, and amply indemnify you for every possible expense, but only on condition that you sign this paper, by which you pledge yourself to abstain from all future intercourse with your grandchild."

The woman's eyes sparkled, as she caught a glimpse of the roll of bills in Judge Harding's hand, but she still hesitated.

The sharp-sighted old man saw quickly the cause of this hesitation.

"I wish you distinctly to understand," he said, "that though I will provide for the child, it is not my intention to make her my heir; I shall leave her only sufficient to place her above actual want; the bulk of my property will go to some charitable institution."

As Mrs. Dugald looked upon that resolute countenance she felt that he was in earnest, and without another word she signed the paper, and then taking the money that the Judge placed in her hand, departed.

As soon as the door closed after her, Judge Harding turned to the little girl, who stood regarding him with a timid, wistful look.

"What is your name, child?" he said, abruptly.

"Estelle Harding Dugald," she replied, in a sweet, clear voice, that had a pretty lisp to it.

"Do you know who I am?"

"You are my grandpapa Harding."

Ah, how many pleading voices arose in his heart at these words! but he crushed them down with a stern hand.

"I am *not* your grandpapa," he said, harshly; "you must never call me by that name!"

The small red lips quivered and the soft brown eyes filled with tears; but without appearing to notice them, Judge Harding gave the bell a hasty pull.

"Margery," he said, as that individual entered, "this little girl is the child of Richard Dugald. I place her, for the present, under your care. See that she has everything that she needs, but do not let her come within my sight or hearing."

Margery cast a look full of pity and tenderness upon the child, who, attracted by her kind, motherly face, sprang eagerly to the hand she held out to her, and then, with a respectful courtesy to the Judge, led her from the room.

Weeks came and went. Little Estelle grew dearer every day to the faithful old nurse, who had tended her mother in her helpless infancy. She obeyed strictly her master's injunctions; though many were her inward murmurs at what she termed his unnatural treatment of the child of his only daughter. This was not difficult, for the house was large, and there were some portions of it that the Judge never entered. Sometimes, indeed, he heard the patter of little feet along the corridor that led to some remote apartment, or a sweet, bird-like voice, which fell upon his heart like a strain of half-forgotten music, but that was all.

Perhaps Judge Harding's heart might have softened toward his grandchild had she come to him in any other way; if the daughter he had once idolized had expressed any wish that he should take charge of her. But to have her thrust upon him by the woman whose artful manœuvres had made his home so desolate, steeled his heart against her.

She was a pretty, sweet-tempered child, with grave, quiet ways, and intelligent beyond her years.

"When is grandpapa's birthday, nurse?" she suddenly inquired one day, nearly two months after her arrival.

"Let me see," replied Margery, her countenance assuming a contemplative expression: "It is the seventh of this month—and, I declare, if that isn't to-day! I remember it well, for it was also the birthday of my poor young mistress, your dear mamma. She would have been twenty-four years old to-day had she lived. Alack! alack! it seems only yesterday that I held her in my arms."

Here the faithful creature wiped away a tear.

"Well, if it is his birthday, I must go and give him this," resumed Estelle, taking a small package from the pocket of her dress. "Where is he? In the library?"

"Yes. But what are you thinking of, child?" ejaculated Margery, regarding her young charge with a look of amazement. "You must not go in there; Judge Harding will be very angry!"

"I shall be sorry to make him angry, nurse," returned Estelle, with a childish dignity quite in keeping with the little serious face; "but I promised my dear, dead mamma that I would, and I must do it."

Old Margery looked after her with an expression of astonishment, not unmingled with admiration, as she left the room.

"She's a Harding—one can see that plainly," she muttered, as she resumed her knitting. "The old Judge may shut her out from his heart, but he can't deny but what she's his own flesh and blood."

Estelle paused a moment at the door which she had never before dared to approach, and then, as if summoning all her resolution, softly turned the burnished knob and glided in.

Judge Harding sat in his easy chair, the very picture of dignified ease. Looking only upon his surroundings, one would have called him a happy and fortunate man; yet many a wayfarer, breasting the fury of the rude March wind, his heart warm with thoughts of the dear ones awaiting his return, was far happier than that lonely and childless old man.

His face was partially turned from the door, and so softly did those little feet fall upon the carpet, that she had nearly reached his knee before he observed her. In spite of his self-command, he started as his eyes fell upon that sweet face.

As for Estelle, her courage failed her as she met that stern, inquiring look.

"I—I beg your pardon," she faltered. "I only came in to give you this. Mamma bade me give it to you on your birthday, and I could not disobey her."

Judge Harding mechanically took the package from her hand, and with an evident sigh of relief she turned to leave the room.

"Stay, child," interposed the Judge; "there is no hurry. Sit down."

Estelle quietly seated herself on the low, velvet-covered ottoman to which he pointed, and Judge Harding proceeded to open the package.

It contained nothing but a gold locket, which he well remembered placing around his daughter's neck on a happy birthday long ago; his birthday and hers, whom he had once fondly termed his "birthday gift." He touched the spring, and it flew open. It was his own likeness, taken in a sitting position. Beside his chair stood a little girl about six. One small hand was laid trustfully in his, the other rested upon his shoulder, while the softly smiling eyes were lifted to his face with a look of childlike confidence and love.

The warm tide of awakened tenderness that swept over him melted every vestige of the ice that had gathered around his heart. Conscience began to make itself heard. In regard to their unhappy estrangement, had not he been most to blame? Did he not indulge her in every idle whim, until her will grew strong and imperious, and then curb her suddenly and harshly? Had he dealt more gently with her, would she have taken a step that had wrought them both such bitter woe?

As he raised his eyes they fell upon the little form that was sitting where *she* used to sit so many years ago. What a marvelous resemblance! It almost seemed to him that it must be her very self!

Ah, well did that dying mother know that nothing she could write would soften that stern heart like this mute remembrance of all she once was to him, or could plead so eloquently for her orphan child! Tears gushed from the old man's eyes, and rising from his seat, he took the child in his arms.

"My dear little Estelle!" he murmured—"my precious birthday gift! come back, after so long a time, to cheer my desolate home! naught but death shall part thee and me!"

That night, when Margery carried in the tea things, she saw a spectacle that made her kind old heart rejoice: the child of her dear young mistress was sweetly sleeping in her grandfather's arms, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of pride and tenderness.

And giving her a wiser love, a more faithful guardianship, she crowned his old age with peace and joy, whom he took from henceforth to his heart as well as home—his "birthday gift."

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER, BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

MEN, in respect to ceremonies, modes, and laws, like a flock of sheep, will, in a body, if the bell-wether can only be got to leap over a pole, continue to leap carefully over the same place when the pole has been taken away.

IN some men word and deed are like theatrical thunder and lightning, breaking forth out of separate corners and through the agency of different operators.

THE mass of people consider uncommon spirits as being, for that very reason, bad—just as they take all strange petrifactions to be devil's bones.

IF our characters are too firm to be shaken by calumny, then envy often extols us beyond reason, blowing us up because it cannot throw us down.

THERE are men and times at which and with whom nothing could be more refreshing to an honest man than—to give them a sound drubbing.

SHAMELESS persons seldom or never blush. Their faces seem, like cotton-wool, to take all colors more easily than red.

SOME people are always complaining and grumbling. Go where they will, they take with them a travelling-case of wrongs and injuries.

SHAME is the cold Orcus of the inner man; a spiritual hell, without redemption, wherein the damned can become nothing else but at most one devil more.

AN unstained Aphrodite may be born out of the Dead Sea of dissolute society, as pure dew and rain arise out of the briny waters of the ocean.

AT a genial dinner-party the faculties are off duty and fall into their natural attitudes; you see wisdom in slippers, and science in a short jacket.

FEROCITY and gentleness are sometimes nearly allied. The moaning notes of the turtle-dove are but the softened tones of the owl.

MANY regard themselves as moral, disinterested, truthful, and gentle, merely because they inexorably insist that others shall be so.

IT is generally true that we judge too bitterly and harshly the faults of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

IF a carpenter loses his rule and level, he may not be able to find his rule, but he can always find his level.

To know some women you must first love them. Generally, to know them, you must *not* love them.

IT is ungracious to charge that a man does good deeds merely for effect if he does them *with* effect.

MANY persons of very considerable importance don't seem to understand that it is all self-importance.

WISDOM is the abstract of the past, while beauty is the promise of the future.

IT is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped.

MOST of the clergy seldom hear any sermons except those which they preach themselves.

A GOOD many people live on the reputation of the reputation they might have made.

MOST of the abundant gammon in the world would be a very poor substitute for bacon.

THERE is often quite as much to be educated out of young men as into them.

A MAN in power is apt to hear from those around him a great many echoes and few answers.

IT isn't desirable that time should mellow people who are too soft already.

VERY often men cut their love-teeth, as they do their wisdom-teeth, very late in life.

OLD men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a long way off.

THEY say that the ground is the only reliable bank, but it is broken every day.

THERE are generally a good many more steps to love than in it.

SOME of our tongue-valiant men never draw a bead, but imbibe a great many.

It is a great thing to behold a day that a shine-in shine-rains world to...

VANITY is a greater slanderer than malice.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A COUPLE of young rogues effected an entrance to the front basement of a dwelling-house in Eighth street, one afternoon lately, and from thence made their way into the back parlor above stairs, where they were discovered taking a survey of the premises. On seeing that they were objects of amazed observation, they rushed down stairs and out at the front basement door, and made their escape. It being supposed that they meant robbery on some future occasion, preparations were made to give them a warm reception on their return.

A PARTY of young men, who had been drinking freely, tried their lungs and skill at imitating an Indian warwhoop, on the corner of Fourth street and Broadway, about 3 o'clock in the morning. They succeeded in making a horrible pow-wow, and also in attracting the attention of several officers, who hurried to the spot to see what was the matter, and who arrested the whole party and marched them off to a station-house, where they were kept till the business of the day was opened, when they were allowed to go their several ways.

A CROSSING-SWEEPER (a little girl about six or seven years old) in Chatham street was run over one morning lately by a milk wagon, which came suddenly upon her around the corner of Chambers street. The driver of the wagon, on seeing what had happened, stopped, got down from his seat, inquired out the residence of the child, took her home, and had her examined to see if she had received any serious injury. Fortunately the child, though bruised, had no bones broken, nor any serious hurts, as it was found to the great joy of the driver.

SEVERAL boys were throwing stones at one another, in sport, one day recently, on Fort Green, Brooklyn, and one of the stones rebounding from the ground, struck a boy about seven years of age on the temple, and knocked him senseless. His playmates screamed for help, and a couple of men came and carried the boy home, in an insensible condition. He was restored to consciousness after a time, but it was feared that the injury would prove a very serious one.

A WIDOW lady living in Williamsburg went out shopping one afternoon lately, and on returning discovered that in her absence her house had been entered by "sneak thieves" and robbed of silver ware, jewelry and wearing apparel, to the value of one hundred and seventy-five dollars. Although her servant-girl and three children were in the house all the time, they did not hear or see any sign of the operations of the thieves.

A CITY railroad car, while running at an unusually swift rate, came in contact with a grocer's wagon, about the middle of Fourteenth street, and crushed the hind part of the vehicle as though it were made of pasteboard, scattering the groceries far and wide, and frightening the grocer's boy, the passengers in the car, and the passers by, who all seemed to imagine for a short time that the crash must have resulted in the death of somebody.

AN active young man was detected the other evening, by an officer, running from store to store, purchasing a few dimes' worth of articles and offering spurious bills on the Egg Harbor Bank, N. J., in payment, and receiving good money in change. The officer kept on his track until he had passed four of the bills, when he arrested him, and found many more of the same sort on his person. He was locked up.

SEVERAL arrests were lately made of parties who were playing billiards on the Sabbath day. The offenders were locked up till Monday morning, when they were reprimanded, fined from one to five dollars each, and allowed to go about their business.

A PICKPOCKET was lately detected in the act of robbing a young lady of her pocket-book in a Brooklyn church during service. The pocket-book contained twenty-eight dollars in cash. The rascal was arrested and marched off to prison.

AS a lady was alighting from a car, in Sixth avenue, her hoop skirt caught in some way, and the ... she was pulled down, dragged several ... badly hurt, before the car could be stopped.

A MAN was pushed off the rear platform of a city car, a few evenings since, by the crowd of outsiders, and slipping on the pavement, fell and broke his right arm above the elbow.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 9, 1870.

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THE GOTHIC KINGDOM OF SPAIN.

[NUMBER FIVE.]

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

It was near the close of the fifth century, when the renowned Saxon Emperor Theodoric, having brought well nigh all Italy under his sway, and his Ostrogoth legions for the subjugation of Spain. The exhausted province surrendered without a struggle, and one of the greatest of the conquering army was entrusted by Theodoric with the government of the realm. This general, Theudis by name, was remarkable for his character as a man of enlightened views who allowed freedom of conscience in religious worship. His administration was eminently upright and sagacious. Laws were established, churches erected, public improvements encouraged and counsels concerned as to the most wise and dignified conduct of the Christian faith.

Theodoric was the first of the Roman emperors who embraced the custom of temporal sovereigns appointing to offices in the church of God. Hitherto bishops, courtiers and chieftains had been chosen by general consent. Votes were given by the side of the altar, or even on the army and people. Theodoric nevertheless ordered the dissolution of Spain, with the southern part of Gaul, to his grandson, Amalaric, and thus Spain became again an independent kingdom. Seville was then chosen as the metropolis of this realm, which at that time, embraced only Cyprenees and a little of Portugal, leaving along their northern slopes. But Amalaric soon fell in a battle while engaged in a war with the Franks. The routed army was driven across the Pyrenees in the person of the king, and the even pursued the fugitive sixty leagues beyond the source of the rapid Garonne, and nevertheless ravagable provinces. Theudis, who had succeeded Amalaric, was also a brief, stormy career, fell beneath the dagger of an assassin.

Theudisel now ascended the throne. He was a monster of wickedness, indulging in brutal passions without restraint and trampling with supreme contempt on all the most sacred regulations of domestic life. A Gothic king, in that day, was elected by a little above the middle age, noble and a dagger was the ever ready instrument with which to remove an obnoxious incumbent from the throne. Conquering Theudisel sought, and with success, to unite the Arian and Catholic in commemoration of a recent victory, when, as a general battle was impending between the hosts, a dozen swords, wielded by the nervous hands of strong champions of both churches, pierced his body.

Agilan succeeded him. His short reign was an unbroken scene of misery. Many parts of Spain refused to acquiesce in his election, and the kingdom was rent by civil war, driven from his capital and forced to take refuge in Merida. Surrounded by defeat, and with his insurrection triumphant all over the land, he was slain by his own soldiers.

Athanagild, a Gothic noble, who was the leading opposer of this throne of usurpation, was called aid in his rebellion from the Emperor Justinian. The emperor was then old, bereaved by no means and the sixth. On the contrary, it was but the signs for a new and more bitter conflict among the combatants for the sceptre. The emperor sent a powerful force fighting for their empeter and not for Athanagild, and they remained for months over the country, threatening the possession of its provinces. But the Gothic nobility, divided into two hostile armies, and the victory, with its sword or of unbounded, maintained his throne.

In the day, when the Church had come to be a great power in the world, a powerful institution of the state, religious disputes necessarily became also political disputes between political parties. The great conflict between the Arians and the Trinitarians was a political war. The cause of testing was as of severe and the persecution was as intense as that which existed between Catholic and Protestant, or Arminian and Calvinist. The political parties, rather than religious sects, were the chief actors in the drama. Each of the sanguinary battles to which the Goths led, had for its object the triumph of that party whose reigns were agitated by the religious religious contest. God never blessed the Ecorigid, in its exasperation, to seal the head of his antagonist. One party drew its swords in this with a hatchet, because it refused to adjure the Trinitarian faith, and the other with fire and sword.

Leovigild persecuted the Trinitarians or Catholics, as they were called, with fiendish cruelty. He plundered their churches, confiscated their property, and extracted vast sums from the wealthy of their faith, while others were driven into exile, or to the dungeon and to the scaffold. With the money thus acquired he surrounded his court with unwonted splendor. He was publicly and with very imposing ceremonials, crowned with a diadem, a pageant in which no other Gothic king had indulged, for the king had heretofore been considered but very slightly elevated above the chieftains who surrounded him. He reared a magnificent throne in his palace, and studiously surrounded himself with all the pomp and pageantry of royalty. Under his reign, for the first time, the effigy of the king was stamped upon the coin, with a diadem upon his brow.

Upon the death of Leovigild in the year 589, his son Reacred I. was unanimously chosen as his successor. Apparently from sincere conviction, he gradually abandoned the Arian faith, and espoused the Catholic cause. With singular energy he advanced measures to bring the whole Arian portion of the Spanish church back to the ancient Trinitarian faith. The measure was said had been wrested from the Catholic church was restored. Public discussions were encouraged, at which the king presided, wielding a gentle influence in behalf of Catholicism. Many heretofore Arians, in this way, effected firm government, and by great kindness to the poor, he won general affection. Having thus prepared the way for his subsequent measures, he publicly abjured the Arian heresy, and declared himself a firm believer in the Catholic faith. This was in the year 587. After the council had decreed three days to fasting and prayer, the king, in a splendidly prepared speech, quoted the authority on which he had arrived at his decision, and concluded as follows:

"Religion is a subject more important than all others to man, since it involves not only his prosperity in this life, but also his happiness in the life to come. Unhappily antagonistic sentences of religion divide the church into parties. Our understanding cannot be convinced nor that the ancient Catholic creed is not the true one. Let us then, my most excellent brethren, in a profession of the Catholic faith, unite with one heart and one mind. My conscience incites me to this step, and I have no fear of censure for the existence of any other man. But if unity of religion, which God by my position, I entrust to me, I will prove the greatest stepping which can be contrived upon the throne, thereby securing to the entire kingdom, and promoting universal prosperity. Let every one, therefore, who is desirous of unity and glory share the favors of heaven, and let him not hesitate to anathematize the poison of the God-hating Arius, and with the Catholic Church of Christ, confess the Father, Son and Holy Ghost."

Applause followed the king's declaration is suitable a blank banner, with white feathers and white crest, and the horse with white and green housing. The blue may be trimmed with gold, and the white with silver, and the orange flowers, but not with rose or violet; the white can be used with yellow flowers, and colored, or red. Bonnets of gauze, crape or tulle, are worn by all occasions, trimmed with flowers of white, rose or blue, scarce with the white. The white bonnet is worn with white silk; if the hair does not produce a sufficient quantity of curls, a wreath of white flowers, or a wreath of white flowers with green leaves. A white veil is worn by the bridesmaid, and it is desirable to diminish too warm a that to the bridesmaid, and it is desirable to diminish too warm a that to the bridesmaid, and it is desirable to diminish too warm a that to

A TELEGRAM.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

Hark! the click of wire insensate,
Joining viewless words of fire,
Speaking doom in nimble measure,
While in eager precipices wait,
Shading sigh, and lighting shadows,
Stamping nations coldly near.
Listen to one single message,
Thus—Come, quickly, father's worse.

Daughter May flog down the pebble,
Stride and bolt, as flash the feet;
They will miss what they'd be nearer
Paces none and flashing none.
Night, that vainness to bad to-morrow,
Always counts on comfort with,
Night, that day brings no to-morrow
In the inkless hour his kin.

Hazel—See the poet enter
Shut and bar the hall ground,
Lik that gave you life to mortal,
Slowly in the late accord.
Gentle Goodness—meet beloved,
Leave the toil of brain and pen,
Lay the hand with silver shaded
On your shoulder once again.

Wayward Will—Against the wanes!
Stop and think on how you met
Of the love, whose like will never
Meet you by your dying day.
Yet for gainless blessing weigh you,
Let the wrong you've done outweigh,
Let the words long cold convince you,
Who—Oh, quickly, mother's worse.

Children, gather in about her,
Be your morning beads and stars,
Cast her fresh fell to the floor,
Let her feet be in the grass.
At her sting garments rustling
On the path among the stars,
And before the sun illuminated
Lowered in the great bars.

There is no wire electric powder,
Where the mischief carries rest
Nor coming ill, nor waking morning,
To the soul supremely blest,
But ever still more stars are waked
Thrilling through the space between,
And mother seems to wind her greeting
By a pathway all unseen.

SELF-MADE;

OR,

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "VIVIA," "THE HIDDEN HAND," "HOW HE LOVED HER," "THE LOST HEIRESS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER CXXI.

WHICH IS THE BRIDE?

His heart stood still, his head grew cool,
His pulse was slow and regular,
He saw in what he imagined real,
At once, the red sun dropped.
What had said a word to make him wild
Less a heart's beat?
Nay, what had he himself he asked
To make him so kind?—Wordsworth.

Ishmael galloped along the road leading to "The Beacon," followed at a short distance by the Professor, who found some difficulty in keeping up with his master.

Ishmael's aspect was not altogether that of a happy lover, going to see his beloved; for his countenance was thoughtful, grave and sad. How could it be otherwise? Only that afternoon he had left? His thoughts, his sympathies, his regrets were with Claudia, the nearest friend of his friendless childhood; with Claudia, grand, noble and beautiful, even in the wreck of her happiness; with Claudia, having cast on her head forever bread before.

Yes, his thoughts, his regrets, his sympathies were with her. But, where was his love, his esteem and his admiration?

As he, the figure of Claudia, as her woe, became lost in a shadow that was gradually covering over his vision of those mysterious shadows that aggravating disturbances are said to cast before the coming of the Spectre, by reason to dispel this gloom. The tears he approached "The Beacon," the horror it reflected upon his spirit?

What could it mean? Was all well at the Beacon? Was all well with Bee?

Reuben Grim, when questioned, had said that he had not heard from them for a week. And what might not have happened in a week?

At that thought a pang like death shot through his heart; and he put spurs to his horse and urged him forward at his best speed.

But with the first gleam of February day was drawing to the close and the descending sun was shining behind the dark mass of woods his group of out-buildings, when Ishmael rode into the front yard, followed by his groom, or servant.

It was but the work of a moment to spring from his horse, throw the reins to the Professor, bound up the steps to the front door, and ring the bell.

The door was opened by Mr. Middleton in person. This was an unprecedented, an ominous circumstance.

Bee's father looked very grave as he held out his hand, saying:

"How do you do, Ishmael? I am glad that you have all returned safely."

"How do you do, Mr. Middleton? I hope—I hope that I find you well at home?" said Ishmael, striving to speak composedly.

"Y—yes. Come into the library, my young friend, I wish to speak with you alone before you see any other member of the family," said Mr. Middleton.

Nearly overwhelmed with bitemotions, dreadful, he knew not what, Ishmael followed Mr. Middleton into the library and dropped into the chair that gentleman pushed forward for him.

"Bee—has Bee returned? Has she left you she will?" he asked.

"Y—yes," answered Mr. Middleton hesitatingly, gravely—"Bee is well."

"Good Heavens, sir, can you not speak plainly? We say of the sainted dead that they are well; that is well with them, and I will tell me, is Bee alive and well?" exclaimed the young man, as drops of sweat, forced forth by the agony of suspense, started from his brow.

"Yes, yes! Bee is alive and well."

Ishmael dropped his head upon his hands and breathed a fervent

"Thanks be to God!"

"I have given you unintentional alarm, Ishmael," said

"Oh, sir! alarm does not begin to express what I have suffered. You have wrung my heart. But let that pass, sir. What is it that you wished to say to me?" said Ishmael, raising his head.

"Bee—a—a—a—a friend of her friend," said Mr. Middleton, hesitating, a distance and glasses from side to side.

"Thank you, sir; I never took the liberty to not regard this; but go on when you say you were about to say."

"I will then, Ishmael, but I hope that you will forgive me if I speak very plainly to you."

"Speak then, sir; there's nothing has a holy right to speak plainly to Bee's betrothed," replied Ishmael, wondering what portentous communication these words foreshadowed.

"It is as Bee's father, sir, that I speak to your friend, Ishmael, that I do so," Ishmael continued Mr. Middleton, solemnly—"you know your strong, very very strong attachment to Claudia Merlin before she became Lady Vincent—"

"Well, sir?" said the young man, gravely.

"We all know how nearly heart-broken you were for a considerable time after her marriage, and indeed until you found consolation and healing in the sympathy and affection of my daughter Beatrice."

"Yes, sir," said Ishmael, speaking low, and bending his head.

"You possibly mistook the sisterly love of the compassion of your childhood for that deeper love that should bind husband and wife together for time and for eternity. And you asked me to give you Bee, and I, really, perhaps, consented. For who could forsee the end?"

Ishmael grew very pale, but compressed his lips and governed his deep emotions.

Mr. Middleton continued:

"Lady Vincent felt his trouble. She needed the help of a man with strong arm, wise head and pure heart. You see that man, Ishmael. At her first cry for her waited across the Atlantic, you threw up all your professional prospects, left your office and your clients to take care of themselves, and flew to her relief. It was to your wonderful intelligence, inspired, no doubt, by your purpose, that she owed her recovered fortune. All its wants had to be her destruction. You have saved her and brought her safely home—are you listening, Ishmael?"

"I am listening, sir," answered the young man, very gravely. By this time he had begun to understand the drift of Mr. Middleton's discourse, and had recovered his composure, and his look was somewhat stern.

"Well, then, in a word—Lord Vincent is dead; Claudia is free, you have been her constant companion since her widowhood. Now, then, Ishmael, if in these days of close companionship with Lady Vincent your love for Claudia Merlin has returned—"

"Mr. Middleton, how can you speak to me of such a subject?" Ishmael said in a stern voice, and with flashing eyes, and in very righteous indignation. The next instant, however, he

recovered himself. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, correcting; "I should not have come here to the father of my betrothed—to my own father, I might almost say. I beg your pardon sincerely."

"Compose yourself, Ishmael, and listen to me. I speak the words of truth and solemnose, and you must hear them. I say if in these days of intimate association with Lady Vincent your love for Claudia Merlin has revived, you have no claim with Bee."

"Mr. Middleton!"

"Hear me, Ishmael. If this is so, it cannot be helped! And none of us blame you. The human heart should be free. Say, it is! Is it free, Ishmael?"

"But, Mr. Middleton"—

"Gently, gently, Ishmael, I beg; hear me once, I know what you would about to say. You were about to talk of your plighted word, of your honor, of your troth. Well, I acknowledge that, if it is as I suppose, there would be some honor in frankly stating the case; no, honor in asking for the release of your troth. But for almost every [illegible] there is a [illegible] and this is one of them. Bee is worthy of a whole heart—a heart that is entirely her own, Ishmael, in strong confidence. Oh, Ishmael, look at me, and do I not give her my whole, unwavering, undivided heart? Mr. Middleton, look at me, said the young man, fixing his truthful, earnest, eloquent eyes upon that gentleman's face—"Look at me! it is true that I have cherished a boyish passion for Lady Vincent—unreasonable, ardent, unreasonable as such boyish passions are apt to be. But, sir, her marriage with Lord Vincent killed it as effectually as if it had been cold and buried, without the possibility of resurrection. It was impossible, sir, unnatural that I, me so love another man's wife. Every honorable and generous sentiment forbade it, and my nature forbade it. On her marriage day my boyish flame burned to ashes. And, sir, those ashes we are never re-kindled again! Never, under any circumstances, can I love her as a mother—feel at myself. It was—Again my nature to feel for any suffering woman! not more, sir, for Queen you, than for the poorest, little middle-aged widow who drags my first silent; you more, scarcely as for Bee. I do feel for Lady Hurstmonsmoore in her desertion. Oh, sir, the love that I give to Bee is not the transient passion of a boy, it is the steadfast affection of a man. And since the blessed day of our betrothal, my heart has known no shadow of turning from its fidelity to her. Sir, do you believe me?"

"I do! I do, Ishmael! And I beg you to forgive me for my doubts of you."

"For myself, I have nothing to forgive. But, sir, I hope, I trust, that you have not disturbed Bee with these doubts."

"Well, Ishmael, you know, I felt it my duty to prepare her mind for what she might have received, had those old clouds of yours been rekindled—"

"Then Heaven forgive you, Mr. Middleton! Where is she? Can I see her now?"

"Of course you can, Ishmael. In any case, you should have seen her at once more. As you had been going to break with her, you would have had no one to see, to ask from her own lips your release."

"Where is she—where?"

"In the drawing-room—waiting. Bee the good girl, that she is, to give you your freedom, if you require it."

"I beg—God forgive you, Mr. Middleton!" said Ishmael, starting up.

Middleton stopped him as was very much agitated, and he did not wish to break in upon Bee in that disturbed state. He poured out a glass of wine, and made him drink it—felt about him for a moment to recover his composure, and then went quietly to the drawing-room, to kindly he opened the door.

There on a sofa of her fond, and Middleton, looking a distance and glasses from side to side.

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Middleton stopped him as was very much agitated, and he did not wish to break in upon Bee in that disturbed state. He poured out a glass of wine, and made him drink it—felt about him for a moment to recover his composure, and then went quietly to the drawing-room, to kindly he opened the door.

There on a sofa of her fond, and Middleton, looking a distance and glasses from side to side.

She was standing at the west window, apparently looking out at the wintry, red sunset. Although it was afternoon, she still wore a long, flowing, white merino morning dress, and her bright golden brown hair was unbound, hanging loose upon her shoulders. The beams of the setting sun, streaming in full upon her, illumined the outlines of her beautiful head and graceful form. A lovely picture she made as she stood there like some fair spirit.

Ishmael advanced softly towards her, stood behind her.

"Bee! dear, dear Bee!" he said, putting his arms around her.

She turned in a moment, exclaiming:

"Dear Ishmael! dearest brother!" and was caught to his bosom.

Upon his shoulder, all burst into a flood of tears. The very long pent-up sorrow. And he held her closely to his heart, and soothed her with loving words.

It seemed she did not take in the full purport of those words, for presently she ceased weeping, gently disengaged herself from his embrace, and took the chair in the corner of the sofa, with her elbow resting on its arm, and her head leaning on her hand. And then, as he looked at her, Ishmael saw for the first time how changed, how sadly changed she was.

Bee's face had always been fair, clear and delicate, but now it was as white, was and shadowy, that her sweet blue eyes seemed preternaturally large, bright and lustrous. She began to speak, but with an effort that was very painful to hear.

"Dear Ishmael, dearest, and also dearest, asking for the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

in Washington, Ishmael was made District Attorney. The emolument of this office added to the income from his private practice brought him in a revenue that justified him in taking an elegant little suburban villa, situated within its own beautiful grounds and within an easy distance from his office. Here he lived with Rose, as happy, and making the best of it, as they both deserved to be.

It was in the third winter of Claudia's widowhood that the breath of his father began to fail. A warrior almost from boyhood, to him as the only condition of the prolonged life. He went to Castle Claudia, now his own, and there, in the most warm genial, stress-devoted nursery, the last days of his father's life were tenderly watched over by the entire household. Ishmael, the eldest son, came from the capital, and remained some of its old squalid space. He found Rose, Countess Fontenoy, and succeeded at last in winning the heart of the gentle little widow. Pietro Ferdinando Fachoro, to whom she had long married a year. He met again that magnificent specimen of Castilio, Senor Don Filipo Martinez, Marchese, in Saint Empire, who as first child, and the ardent admirer of Claudia. And the wonderful Castilian nobleman saw of this girl's beauty, she more as admired her; and the more were proved her devotion to her father the more he esteemed her. At length he formally proposed for her, and was accepted. And so about the same time the Marquis received the high official appointment to the Court of Spain, expecting; Claudia, in marrying him, became the wife of the Queen's Chamberlain, and one of the first lady on the island. But, mark you! she had not sought this end or object this distinction. She simply found it in the performance of her duties. And if she did not find it, she steadily husband with the order of her youth, she sustained and reverted to it. In his private life she made him a good wife; in his public career a intelligent counselor; in everything a faithful companion. Judge Merlin spent all his winters with them in Havana; and all his summers at Tanglewood, taken care of by Kasy.

A few words about the old servants, and our story.

Old Mrs. Brudenell and her daughters regretted on at Brudenell Hall, in a monotony that was broken by only three incidents in as many years. The first was the death of poor Eleanor, whose weakness had defied the skill of even some months before; the second incident was the marriage of Elizabeth Brudenell with the pastor of her parish, who reported of his selfless bounce he had become his father, and should with become he required a nurse; and the third was the visit of Ishmael Merlin to the Countess and Mr. Brudenell, who came and spent a few months among their friends in America, and then returned to their delightful home in Scotland.

The Middletons continued to live at "The Beacon." But every year they spent a month at "The Bee-Hive," which was the name of the Worths' villa; and every year Ishmael Rose and their lovely little daughter, Nora, passed a few weeks amid the invigorating sea-breezes at "The Beacon."

Mrs. Worth lived with Ishmael, in the enjoyment of a vigorous and happy old age.

Reuben and Hannah Cary continued to reside at Woodside, cultivating the Tanglewood estate and bringing up their two children.

Alfred Burghe was cashiered for "conduct unworthy of an officer and a gentleman," on the charge against him set forth; and he and his brother have passed into forgetfulness.

Sally and Jim were united, of course, and lived as servants at Tanglewood, where Old Kazy, as housekeeper, reigned supreme.

What else?

Ishmael lived, purged and worked—worked more than ever before for the next year, though it was hard to do, it was harder to secure fame. He was on from summer to summer. He came like

SEE 2ND.

ST. CLAIR'S DEFEAT.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The terrible battle, known as St. Clair's Defeat—terrible in the number of men killed and slain and in its consequences—was fought in the northwestern part of what is now the state of Ohio, near the Indiana line, on the morning of the fourth of November, 1791.

Early in the spring preceding, General St. Clair had received orders, as governor, to march an army, march into the wilderness as far as the junction of the rivers Wabash and Ohio, and establish a line of military posts along the whole route, from Fort Washington (now Cincinnati) to that extreme limit, with a view of keeping the Indians in subjection, dread of the power of the whites, and preventing their fearful depredations upon the newly-done so much to check the tide of advancing civilization, and the execution of these orders, St. Clair, after surmounting many serious obstacles and halting for reinforcements at Jefferson on his way, reached a branch of the Wabash, and the twenty-fifth day of September, and encamped there in supposed security, with his army reduced to about two thousand strong, and some hundreds of camp-followers, mostly women and children, the families of the soldiers.

The great and fatal mistake of St. Clair, was in his fancied security—in not having a number of experienced scouts thrown out in the front of the main body, to scour the wilderness in every direction and report the approach of any danger, instead of blindly marching forward as he did, without any such precaution. The Indians, on the contrary, always themselves more encouraged in their bloody work by the number of foes they had to contend with, than to three, brought together by the influence of their chiefs, and the witness and to check and punish what they regarded as breaches of any kind of discipline established in great force, and marched forward to the battle-ground with a view to the entire destruction of the army and the whites, and prevention of any further encroachments upon their hunting-grounds. They had, therefore, been allowed to connect their plans without opposition, and to march unmolested and undetected, and carry out their designs with the most fearful effect.

On the morning of the fourth of November, about half-an-hour before sunrise, and just after the men had been dismissed from parade, a fierce shout was made upon some militia posted in front of the main body; and as the attacked, after a short resistance, fell back, the wild disorder, upon the camp, the savages, in overwhelming force, close to their heels, and guished child, came rushing on, with yells of fury, striking down every combatant they could, as described. They began a desperate fight and forced upon the very threshold of the camp, were taken completely by surprise, seized their guns, rallied under their leaders, and made a stand their ground like brevers. Their first rush fire in some degree checked the onward course; but the latter was too great to be stayed, and had driven back the militia, and in fact, gave way permanently, and the whole line of the camp was assailed with the most terrible fury, and effected by the savages at three gave way before their deadly rifles. Nearly before the blaze of artillery. Several officers were murdered and scalps with great exultation, by the savages at three gave way before their deadly rifles. Nearly before the blaze of artillery. Several officers were murdered and scalps with great exultation, by the poisonous rush of their disciplined, and

was only to rally in greater force and to press more fearfully upon some weaker point.

For three hours the battle raged with the wildest fury, and by that time the ground was everywhere strewed with the dead and dying, and General St. Clair saw that his army for the day was hopelessly lost. Four of his own horses had already been killed, his clothes were riddled with bullets, and nearly every officer on whom he had confidence had been cut down at his post. Under these distressing circumstances, there was but one thing left for him to do; and that was to give the order to retreat, and do it.

This retreat, as might have been anticipated, soon became a rout of the most terrible kind. The Indians, finding themselves masters of the field, and their enemies flying in wild disorder, pushed after the fugitives with yells of triumph, and followed them for four or five miles, shooting, tomahawking and scalping all they overtook.

Then the most eager, satisfied with their slaughter, gave up the chase, and returned to the battle-field to gather the scalps of the dead and dying.

Many wounded were found; but those who, more unfortunate, had been taken prisoners, were generally reserved for the torture; and of these there were enough to satisfy the most fiendish appetite for blood, when the warriors should return in triumph from their sanguinary war-path.

We have thus given an outline sketch of the terrible events of this day, and of the cause of that horrid scene of conflict, if they could be written out, would fill a large volume. We have in boyish human attempt—for the Great Book of the Recording Angel can alone contain the facts concerning the hundreds whose spirits took their course that day to the spirit-land of field. It is permitted us, however, to gather up a few of the more striking facts in the history of a few who were actors in that dreadful tragedy; and one, in particular, whose case is strictly private nature, it is our purpose here to relate. That individual was Ishmael Merlin, as has oft-behind him some account of what he individually saw and did on that memorable day.

"The main camp, (he says,) was pitched in a level spot, with a small stream running near it, one of the head-branches of the Wabash; and on the right and left, at the distance of about a mile in advance, on some high ground, were encamped the militia, under their several rangers, to which latter I belonged. We, the rangers, had been sent out to scour the woods in front of the night, prepared for an attack from the Indians. Of course I was not in bed at all—though we supposed them to be a mere scouting party, and not the main body of the war movements, and did not think they meditated anything more serious than a night-attack on our camp; if they could find a safe opportunity, and that they had no idea they could do so without many very serious risk. Certainly, I had no such idea myself, when I left my place.

"It was in the gray of morning, before objects had become distinct at any considerable distance, that I was awakened from my sleep by the guard-fires, conversing with a comrade, when I suddenly saw a dark object, like the head and body of a mile in advance, on some high ground, and apparently coming down in the direction of

trance, and a crowd of ghastly, worn men rushed out, in spite of the menaces that confined their lower limbs. Many of these refugees sunk down in despair when they reached the deck and saw the jewels city, and the receding waves dashing in from open the rocky ledge which had wrecked them.

One powerful, stalwart man, conscious almost to a skeleton, managed to keep his footing, and with great difficulty reached the boat's owner, and asked:

"Have we life boats? Is there no chance to escape?"

"For you and me, perhaps there may be; for you have nerve to attempt it, but the rest must perish."

"Then point out the way. I have strength enough left to help myself, to unloose my long imprisonment in that horrible den."

"Come with me, then, and help in getting to the others."

With difficulty he made his way to the stern of the vessel, closely followed by the man. The boat was still in its place uninjured, and a wild laugh burst from the prisoner.

"Oh, ho! we'll bait them yet. The devils that would have made slaves of us, and the sea that would swallow up our half starved bodies, get their prey. The gale is subsiding, and the boat, ought to it, is will serve our turn till some vessel sees us and picks us up."

While he was speaking he released the boat from its fastenings with a practised hand, and then said to Verner:

"Take your place in it, for you are no seaman; I can see one once used to the life returned, when the timbers of the old craft part, I will spring into it and push off from the wreck. It will be easy for me to do it, for I have managed to rid myself of my irons long ago. Hold her to the oars, for if we lose them we shall be lost."

Verner obeyed his directions with alacrity, for he saw that a few more moments must decide the fate of the ship; and on their nerve and courage their safety must depend.

The wind lulled almost as simultaneously as it had sprung up, but the boat had passed over the Sally Ann proved her death wall. She was lifted by it, and flung full force with her against the rocks that the rotten timbers broke apart with a crash, and the next wave took up to heaven from the drowning creatures within that must have appalled the stoutest heart.

At the critical moment, the companion of Verner sprang into the boat, and with a cry he pushed her clear of the wreck. The sea was still fearfully agitated, but they were in a comfortable danger, for the boat, though small, seemed strongly built; it was not a forlorn chance of safety that remained to them, thrown from upon the wide ocean without sail or compass; destitute of food, and in the neighborhood of those who would murder and rob them back to captivity if they fell in their power.

"We have ship and sea to fight with now, my friend," said Verner, "a sudden clutch upon this shell made by a drowning man would hasten it and destroy us all."

"Then we will get beyond that danger; but if our risks I shall go to him at any risk to myself."

Wherever a man sees his oar on a comparatively smooth surface of water, and does thoughtfully and cautiously, he will find himself heavily loosed as they rose, and supported them rise. In that forlorn moment no wonder a sigh burst from their account, and the dashing waves and sullen winds wailed their sad requiem above them.

With a heavy sigh the man drew his hand across his eyes and said:

"They are all gone, and maybe they are happier than you and I; for we may perish of hunger and thirst. The land we see is far, it is better than the other one they would have given us. Your hand I know is honest, and I heard it called the day you were taken from among us, much for their sakes, I would have it. What was considered good enough for us was not considered good enough for you, but I shan't quarrel with you on that score, for you have proved yourself a friend to me in my extremity. My name is Lithgow."

"You are an old soldier and man and a gentleman yourself," said Verner. "May such have help and mercy where there is no rebellion."

"No—I am not what you would call a gentleman. My father was a respectable mechanic and such education as I have I have gathered by my own efforts. I have been a sailor, afterwards a trader, and I was in a dissenting business when Monmouth landed and proclaimed religious freedom. My family are dissenters; my brother was a preacher among them, and he died a martyr for our cause, for instead of preaching the gospel as he understood it. A certain wizard made this for a less offence, but he was stern and uncompromising in his faith. He was a man of great influence, and true to the cause of the Protestant Duke of"

"I do not," said Verner, "I was both very young and our efforts have resulted so disastrously to ourselves."

"No—I don't regret it," was the fierce response. "If I am to die over again I would die, and there are in England thousands like me who will not shake a moment's stand against the tyrant that rules them, not as subjects, but slaves. The very realities that have been inflicted on the followers of Monmouth, will bring forth bitter fruits for vengeance to James. I only wish we had waited till the right moment."

"I do not know who he can be."

"God knows. He will uphold his cause when the hour comes, and, mark my words—it will come. In the very rooms, for the Lord will not permit the righteous to be trampled down forever."

While these words were exchanged, the boat had floated almost at the mercy of the waves, for the only effort the two men made was to keep her head clear of the breakers, to prevent her from drifting upon the rocks which had proved fatal to the ship. With the lull of the wind the sea became gradually calmer, and the parting clouds threw glimpses of the clear sky with the everlasting stars circling in their mystery above them.

Verner looked over the receding waters with a troubled gaze, and then turned with his eyes to the vast expanse above, and in silent but heart-felt communion of the mighty, sought to solve the gnawing pangs of hunger that had seized upon him for the first time. Lithgow watched him for a moment, and then said:

"You are younger and stronger than I am, and you may live to see your friends again, and find you, but I feel that I cannot endure much more. Should you be spared, and not my daughter, who lives in Lyme, the news of my fate. Tell her that I died in peace, for I have returns to England, and that I will be with her. Tell her that my last thoughts were of her."

"I promise it to you, but I feel like you should not so soon despair. Do not talk of dying yet."

"Yes—I was strong once, but my late sufferings have broken me down, and I feel that my existence can never be safed at any cost. I have no fear of death, and I will not pray for relief, though I know it will produce delirium and I shall die raving."

"But that will be worse. Should you not know the consequences you should abstain from grumbling and repining."

"I will still make the effort to do so: like a coward, I must not, for I would not have uttered everywhere around me, yet not bring it to my comfort. Ha, ha, ha! I give no-dance to the sorely tried disciple."

He leaned his head upon his hands, and was interrupted by an exclamation from Verner:

"There is a dark object in line with the rising sun which could be a vessel."

Lithgow started up, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked in the direction indicated.

"It is—it is a sail! We shall yet be saved! Oh God! I thank thee," and he fell upon his knees with uncovered head and clasped hands.

When he became calmer he drew out his oars, fastened to the stern, and began to shift a signal. The tiny speck on the horizon increased gradually in size, till a full of a large ship became visible. For half an hour they steered toward her, and then their hearts were assuming the place of certainty, the changed her course, and they saw that them that so small an object as the boat was discovered from the deck. Lithgow sank down, hastily muttering:

"It was the hand of God. Forgive a coward God and man. Let us reign ourselves in our turn."

He drew in his oar, folded his arms, and remained in a state of quiet repose, but Verner could not accuse him, though he made many feeble efforts to do so. He was faint and hopeless himself, and he began to think it would have been better to have perished with Jamaican than to perish in this miserable manner.

Another day of hunger passed over them, and that torrid sun, and at its close Verner lay in a state of semi-unconsciousness, for the gale had delirium had seized on his companion. In one of his paroxysms, he sprang up and cried out and drank a long draught of the briny water. The only restorative they possessed, it was a consuming him, and he raved more wildly than before of his home—his daughter—and the many severities to which he had been subjected. Suddenly he ceased:

"A shark is following in our wake. He has come for his prey; he sees we are dying, and I'll go, I say, and help me fight the monster."

Verner made a few feeble efforts to do so, but sunk back powerless, and with his last remaining consciousness he heard Lithgow rise and struggle in the huge sea-monster. In the effort he lost his balance, fell overboard, and was no more seen.

The boat drifted through the night, but Verner was past caring what befell himself. He lay unconscious of the lapse of time, and of the rising dews of night, of the scorching rays of the sun. This was the last day he had been able to pass food, and unless relief speedily came nature could not much longer sustain the vital powers within his exhausted frame.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JIBBLY BIGGINS.

Lying beside the sea of St. Eugene was a gaily decorated pleasure yacht, from the mast of which a white flag floated. The yacht belonged to a wealthy planter of Barbadoes, who had come over in it, accompanied by his daughter, a young girl who had been educated in France, and a year before this time had returned to the paternal roof in her native island.

The sylvia was named for its young mistress, who cherished a passionate fondness for the sea, and enjoyed these excursions with a zest peculiar to her vivid temperament. M. Renaud, her father, was a cold man to others, but he was as wax in the hands of the resolute and handsome Sylvia.

She wished to visit Jamaica, and he came hither, accompanied her to every accessible spot of interest in the island, and then remained in Kingston as long as her capricious fancy led her to stay. Suddenly she grew weary of the place, and orders were issued to have the yacht in readiness at an early hour on the following morning.

Before the sun arose the young creole was on board in the luxurious cabin which had been fitted up for her. But she did not long remain below; fresh and bright as the morning, she ascended to the deck to look back upon the island they were leaving crowned with the verdant beauty of its tropical vegetation, and her daring father gazed upon the brilliant loveliness of his daughter with tender pride.

Sylvia was tall and stately, with that exquisite symmetry of person for which the women of mixed blood are noted; for she was the daughter of a beautiful mulatto and a Spanish father, and she inherited the strong passions of the one and the fiery blood of the other.

Her complexion was soft as the leaf of the cream flower, delicately tinted with the rose, and a faint tinge of olive harmonized with her flashing black eyes and raven hair. Her features and hands were models of beauty, and as the first beams of the sun fell upon the waistcoat face of his companion, he unclosed his eyes, and exclaimed:

"Where am I?" he wildly asked. "Who are you? and where is my companion? I do not remember now. I dreamed that I was at home; a place I had never seen in reality, but my childs was weeping and rejoicing over me, when I was about to unveil a shapeless figure in the costume. Oh! this is hard to bear, in spite of my faith in God!"

He covered his face with his hands, and not have raised himself, but Sylvia sprang up, and Verner made no attempt to soothe him; he was in a wretched state of mind, and Verner had no sympathy to spare for the woes of another.

"I must sleep in my turn now. You were right in supposing that you had been with me. and you labored more than I did to get the boat off the wreck, for I was too weak even to take rest first."

"Sleep in God's name, and may it refresh and strengthen you, since food is denied us."

Verner lay down in the bottom of the boat, and sheltered his face as well as he could from the fierce beams of the sun, which now appeared, and watched for the appearance of a sail. The long hours crept on, and still the scorching sun poured its ardent rays upon their unsheltered heads, and they were faint-like. Toward dawn Lithgow spoke to his companion in a hoarse voice:

"You are younger and stronger than I am, and you may live to see your friends again, and find you, but I feel that I cannot endure much more. Should you be spared, and not my daughter, who lives in Lyme, the news of my fate. Tell her that I died in peace, for I have returns to England, and that I will be with her. Tell her that my last thoughts were of her."

"I promise it to you, but I feel like you should not so soon despair. Do not talk of dying yet."

"Yes—I was strong once, but my late sufferings have broken me down, and I feel that my existence can never be safed at any cost. I have no fear of death, and I will not pray for relief, though I know it will produce delirium and I shall die raving."

"But that will be worse. Should you not know the consequences you should abstain from grumbling and repining."

"I will still make the effort to do so: like a coward, I must not, for I would not have uttered everywhere around me, yet not bring it to my comfort. Ha, ha, ha! I give no-dance to the sorely tried disciple."

He leaned his head upon his hands, and was interrupted by an exclamation from Verner:

"There is a dark object in line with the rising sun which could be a vessel."

Lithgow started up, shaded his eyes with his hand, and looked in the direction indicated.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ON SEEING A DROWNING MOTH.

BY ALICE CARY.

Poor little moth! thy summer sports were over,
But I can appreciate better than I could
The fears that beset your existence any way,
With my own fears added, as on mine alone
In this safe hollow — the world's hand — I stand.
Just now a cloud, as black as night, came on,
And from it fell the rain in such a way
As but then ceased, you'd think it never would try.
Ay, it has reached my cobweb roof at last,
To set the bright slaughter-house on fire,
Hardly for half a moment, and then — dash!
Down comes the rain, as if to wash — yes, wash
The very bottom out of the sky.
Along the margin of the water low
And wash the meadow run a river of,
Down the gray ditches — search them, some of you!
If dowses may, or else by the gleam
Left in her gospel path by the lightning,
Find me the poor moth in the hollows so
And right you high may, willing, and not
Wise spells for old men to look into,
Her green robes laid along the wind and she,
As if to say this serious weather's
Nothing about which to make a fuss,
Plain round I be, with each corner of her
Wings folded, and each antenna curled,
Not on the bottom of the water, but
Floating in on the little roller this
Breath like what a thunderbolt — would that I
Could find out some sweet charm wherewith to buy
A low mercy measure — like wind from you,
Gather and fan me to life! and me
Forgetting the hereafter, and the power
My soul would have the present for the gone
And gone incorrect.

So, my little dot,
There's back upon the water! Lord! how vain
The strife to save or cure, or undo what
Mortals justly — having the way
To invent all of them, themselves — have done —
To try with money buy the creatures poor —
Ah! that's the thing! — to buy back from mere cost.
Who make their fate, and do not feel sorry.

FOREST ADVENTURES.—NO. 57.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUBLAP.

BUSHES BEING HUNTING.—CHOOSERS.

We sat supper with the people of the village, and then returned to our bungalow, taking Mabel and Adelaide with us. Soon after, we reached our quarters before dark, and after the horses had been cared for Adelaide and myself went home to see if we could get them to the village.

"Because," said Darley, "I hope to trap some game here."

"Is it hereabouts?" asked the Shikaree.

"The game is big enough, and dangerous enough," replied the Sentenent; "but is it the right kind of game? They have been two men murdered near this place."

"Jealousy? Is possible, Sahib?"

"Yes—murdered, robbed, and buried."

"Aha! It must be Thugs."

"Do you think so, Abdulla?"

"Hi, Sahib, I would seem so," said the Shikaree, shuddering. "Two men of our village, who had money with them, disappeared, and were never heard of. It seemed to me that they had been murdered."

"We must find them if we can," responded Darley. "At all events, we will keep our eyes open."

I now understood why Full Darley wished to stop by the bungalow.

"My dear Darley, he was in one, or suppose we say two, of the Thug gangs that were broken up and scattered from India. For some three years there have been rumors in Calcutta that a band of Thugs were always lurking upon our highways. They cannot be many of them; but even one of the demons is bad one too many to live. I am sure that the death of the Greek consul and his servant was the work of Thugs, and it is not impossible that we may fall in with them. But if we do we will be on hand, and, if we take them, we shall find the game most profitable."

"I suppose the Government will pay a handsome reward?" said Adelaide.

"Yes," answered Darley.

"Then, by Jehosher, we'll look out for 'em!" And from that moment Abner was very anxious to catch a Thug.

When we awoke the next morning we found the rain falling in torrents, and we quickly made up our minds that we were housed for the day; so, after the horses had been fed, and we had eaten our breakfast, we called for a cardpartie for the ladies.

I had not been acquainted with Philip Darley an hour before I discovered that he was a lover of games, and he had been equally observant of the signs of gentlemanship in my part; so we had never passed a word on the subject until the present occasion. And, as we sat down to form the teams from our party, I asked him, with much pride, that he had been at Chapel, of Jinglang once made it his duty to call upon me during; and he seemed to be highly entertained as he had Judge, there passed between us a compliment back at the year fifteen hundred and thirty-six.

"Our friend Gimp is one of us," said I.

"I was afraid of it," remarked Phil, with a sigh.

"By golly!" broke in Pinckey, "I don't wonder you don't like Gimp; he gwine take one yer scrape; can't claim't 'cause Mas'r Kurn'l 'd sent it, nohow."

"Why," said I, "what do you know about Gimp's scrapes?"

The old darky shook his head strongly.

"Read de Bible, Mas'r Kurn'l, dat's what I didn't think my pussonable man could go for'ard and backard so much."

"See, my old fun, what you do know about it."

"By golly, I 'knows jes' all, 'bout it,—dat's a fact."

"I should like to hear what you know."

"Well, Mas'r Kurn'l, 'mong Mas'r Darry, an' Abner Jackson—I 'spects dey isn't Missus."

"Never mind them. Do you know Gimp? Don't pretend to say that you are a Freemason."

"Not 'zactly, marry; but den I knows all 'bout it."

"How did you find it out?"

"Ah, dats for 'sheres. By golly, when I made dat 'portant discovery, I 'spected I'd be killed for sartin. I think dey'd 'sassinate me, 'cause I will to do it; but, 'ee see, de jay chile was too well known. I'd 'a been missed, an' too many body might 'a had to answer."

By Darley's leave and I overcame the old darky's objections, and he finally told us the following story:

"Bout 'bout or ten years ago I 'ud in de Lodge on Pensacola one night, when, by de way, we had de finest work dat ever was done by any other Major Mitchie short; but dat ain't de 'portant part. I 'spects I'd better tell you how de day got to be night, 'cause dat's de way de darky 'splain de 'clipse to me. I 'spects you 'member dat day, Mas'r Kurn'l, when we started up a 'possum hunt, an' Mark and Abdella drove him from his tree, and very soon we were in full chase. As on the previous occasion Darley's right Arabian took the lead on the start, but I soon overhauled and passed him. I was determined, however, to be chosen of "first spear." Just when I fancied that the game was in hand the boar made an abrupt turn around a dense brake, and I lost sight of him. I looked back after Darley, and saw him and Harry turning off to pass around the brake in the opposite direction, and I had just taken the point of my spear for a turn through the bushes when an leaped an old sow directly before me, darting off in the same line of ball speed. Under the circumstances I did not deem it necessary to check my speed, and I 'lows dat as soon as I 'scovered dat I'd got up an' point for him. He went up wid me so' almost 'fore he wanted done. De ball was bigger'n I 'sh'd know, so it 'ud fixed a mile; also, when I 'scovered dat I'd got de 'fake on it. De was a carpet on de ba'k, an' dat was no great; his bones pools, wid great balls on top sh'm—Darry had looked like bones, an' Colo Warren said dey was bones; but den I 'spects dey was 'cause I 'ud been a good deal 'cited at de time, my 'pinion. But was free little dooks—one at back of each ear, an' one on de side o' his head; but dar wasn't none on de odder side. Den was to be patient while Pete and Wallace went on, de sun to me, says he:

"'Look yer, ole Pizz, dat's one place yere ye mustn't look into. Ye see dat little door?'

"'I 'lows I can't.'

"'Well,' says he, 'ye mustn't open dat door. Dat's war I keep our secrets. All de Lodge 'ud 'ave awful scloonsky,' an' shook his head.

"I 'lows dat I 'ud keep a fas'n 'ns' if he'd go 'bout his business I'd do his pa'ticular for him.

"By an by he went away, an' I went to work. I'first 'fix a place for de fire, an' den I went to look at dat ar door. Oh course I kind o' wondered what dar was in de room, but I 'lows dat I 'ud 'ave'n't make a noise in dar. I listened, but 'ceard nothin'. Den I went back to work, an' I went to paintin' agin. Next time I stopped to look I 'ceard a noise, an' I 'lows dat I 'ud 'ave to 'ceard it 'fore, but I 'spects I 'ceard it 'cause I got de 'fake. At a little, while I'spake I 'ceard a noise from inside. For some time I 'lows dat dey didn't want him to disobliger de secrets, but at las' I 'ceard a noise like a cat 'bout to ob him I 'ver mud. By golly, I was bound to 'ceard, an' I 'ceard de 'ceased 'ud got to de door, an' when I'd stopped jes' long enough to 'ceard dat he was 'bout ready to 'ceard de latch, an' pulled it open. It was 'bout so much as dat," and the old darky held up his fist, like two great eyes, staring 'at us.

"I was a 'stonished 'cause I'd got to, or else dey'd shut de door, an' go way, which wasn't 'greeable.

"Bimby' says I, 'what's de matter?' An' den I 'lows dat I 'ud 'ave'n't made dat 'quiry quick. De room I 'lows 'ud 'ave'n't been 'bout so much as dat, an' was 'bout so much as dat, an' was 'bout so much 'cross. I 'spects dey didn't want him to disobliger de secrets, but dey 'ceard him 'bout de same time I did, an' he 'lows dat he 'ud 'ave'n't made dat 'quiry quick. He 'ceard de 'ceased 'ud got to de door, an' when he